

Coogan's "Killing"

By Ben Ames Williams—Illustrated by E. A. Purman

MY FRIEND Al Hayes—once upon a time he was a great jockey and the idol of the turf—occasionally inveigles me into a wager on the races. I have acquired a certain philosophy in these matters; I no longer hope to win. My bet is laid with the mental comment that the wagered money is gone; and if by chance it comes back to me with other money added unto it, then that is clear and unexpected gain.

But unfortunately that seldom occurs. However, I am content, for if Al's advice costs me money, Al's conversation has enriched my memory with events and incidents of strangely assorted flavors.

I had never heard of Lily White, the "Glorious Horse," nor of Mose Coogan, who owned her, till that day Al came into my office, his round little face, so like that of a very wrinkled cherub, gleaming with high hopes. He looked about, with an excess of caution, leaned across my desk and whispered:

"Slip the string off the old B. R. for I got the low down on a rod that's coming out of pickle at Jamaica today."

"You don't say?" I exclaimed. "Tell me about it, Al."

"Lily White in the fourth," he told me.

I picked up the morning Aero-

"Price was only four to five. Every body was wise, so he had Dot Harris pull her up at the three-quarters. He wouldn't let her win at less'n 10 to 1," he says. He tried to get word to me to lay off it, but he couldn't find me."

We puffed sympathetically at our cigarettes, and finally Al rose wearily and made as if to go.

"But we'll clean up on her next time," he promised.

"You're broke, you say?" I asked; and he grinned sheepishly. When he left me he was in funds again. That was my introduction to Mose Coogan and Lily White; and since credulity is my vice, I ventured a bet on her next start, and her next, and her next. Each time the price was short, and each time she went lame at the three-quarters and finished last. And so I lost interest; but a long time afterward, when Lily White finally won a race—in a way—I heard from Al, and from Coogan himself—who told every one often—about the jockey, Dot Harris, and the interesting story of Coogan's killing.

Coogan was under a handicap from the moment he became an owner of race-horses—or of one race-horse. There are three kinds of men who understand horses; white men born south of Mason and Dixon's line, negroes and Irishmen, who understand everything. Scattering instances out-

side him and in a mixture of luck and canny mathematics—well, after a time he was able to branch out as a book-maker on his own account. And he prospered.

His first visit to a race track, the irksome necessity of paying admission and the opportunity to avoid that necessity by buying for a song, a broken-down thoroughbred, and thus establishing himself in the status of owner, soon brought him into possession of Lily White. But Harris did the rest.

Dot Harris was a skillful but indiscreet jockey. On one or two important occasions he had casually neglected to carry out the instructions of the man for whom he was riding. As a result, engagements were few and far between.

When he happened on the stable where Lily White was housed, one day, and saw her morning workout, his eyes bulged, he sought Mose Coogan, and the plot was laid.

They might have made their killing on Lily's first race, but Mose talked, the "good thing" spread, and the odds went down to little on nothing. It was on that race I lost my first bet—under Al Hayes' advice and counsel.

Thereafter followed a long series of races, in each of which Lily went lame at the three-quarters pole, while Coogan waited for the "price to be right," till at length the time ar-

gan's mind sought an expedient, found one, and took heroic measures. He drew from his pocket what funds he had with him, strode openly across the ring to that bookmaker who set the pace for the others, and with some ostentation placed \$500 on Black Nose, the favorite, to win.

The crowd saw him. Mose sought his elbow eagerly, clamoring for information. He shook them off angrily, with well-simulated disgust. And they were satisfied, each with his own interpretation of the incident. His bet was enough for them.

The track money that had watered toward Lily White flooded to Black Nose, and the crowd increased, and the Pittsburgh bookmaker's agent studied Coogan, then hurried to a telephone office.

The price on Lily White crept back to ten to one, but the crowd ignored her now. In the final rush before post time she was forgotten save for some outside money that came in and failed to break the price. The great bulk of the money was on Black Nose to win.

The books closed with Lily White at ten to one—and that price would rule the paying off of wagers throughout the country.

Nose computed his fortune in his mind as he brushed through the crowd toward the rail. All "She oughta be twenty to one," he grumbled.

He figured to win close to \$50,000, he decided; and Lily White would win—of course.

Coogan trembled with a sudden rush of apprehension, reassured himself, and turned a steady, gambler's face toward where the horses were bunched for the start—a sixteenth of a mile down the track. They were prancing at the barrier; in a moment they would be off in that first whirlwind rush. Ten to one on five thousand—fifty thousand—minus his five hundred on Black Nose—forty-five thousand clear. Coogan's heart was like water, and his lips were moist as he considered that goodly sum. It had taken some scraping to raise the money he had bet; it had left the treasury of his New York bankbook all but bare.

He saw a flash in the sun where the horses were prancing and wheeling and mingling at the barrier; then in a welter of dust, to the tune of a great roar from the crowded stands behind and above him, the gleaming forms leaped into action and plunged down the track toward him.

Coogan yelled. Every man about him yelled. He yelled and screamed. He did not feel the tug of his elbow till the horses had flashed past the stand and begun the turn. Then he gave attention to the boy standing there. "The boy handed him three telegrams."

"They said they was important, Mr. Coogan," the boy announced. "But I waited like you said."

Coogan did not even hear. Eyes on the horses rounding the first turn, he ripped open the envelope, pulled out one message, and gave it a swift glance.

"Chicago wants to play off one thousand two hundred dollars on Lily," it read. It was signed "Jerry" —Jerry Hart, New York.

Coogan's book in New York came in the form of that brief message. The horse to Coogan suddenly, and he heard all but stopped. He forgot the horses beating down the track for a moment and looked at the second message.

"They want to play off seven thousand three hundred dollars on Lily," it read. "Shall I take it?" And the signature—"Jerry"—again.

That figure wrote itself indelibly on Coogan's mind in the barest fraction of time. He had had five thousand; they were offering seven thousand three hundred dollars. There must be some money, and there must be some heavy betting on Lily in the west. He felt cold drops trickle down behind his ears and into his eyes.

"If she wins now," he gasped under his breath, "I'm out over twenty thousand—busted."

Three wind went out of him, he collapsed against the rail, his staring eyes sought the horses across the field.

Lily White was far in the lead and passing the half-mile.

She would win. He knew she would win; and the dreadful completeness of his ruin paralyzed him. Automatically he looked at the third telegram.

"Do I take them plays?" it asked. Coogan went mildly insane. He considered Jerry, with a burst of vivid language, to eternal ages. Then the anger went out of him and he pitied himself so that he wept. He felt all alone in the world—helpless, stripped of friends, funds, everything. Then a louder roar from the great throng in the stands caught him out of himself, captured his attention, forced him to watch the race again.

Lily White was a clear five lengths in the lead and going strong. Coogan became sick. He groaned. Those beside him, even while they screamed entreaties to the horse that carried their hopes, edged aside to give him air; and he clung to the rail like a drunken man. Also, he prayed. Furthermore he cursed. He beat the air with his fists. His lamentations were terrible to hear.

He called on Dot Harris to pull up Lily. He urged Lily to drop dead in her stride. He besought Providence to keep her on the head with an at. He begged the other horses in the race, by name, to come on and beat her. He commanded her legs to break break beneath her. As a last resort he suggested to the earth that it open before her and swallow her forever.

"They said they was important, Mr. Coogan," the boy announced. "But I waited like you said."

(Continued on Next Page.)



SMASHED ONE PALM DOWN BETWEEN LILY WHITE'S EARS AND THRUST WITH ALL HIS MIGHT

graph from my desk to look at the expert pickings for the day. Not one of the dopesters gave Lily White an outside chance.

"She ought to be at a price," I remarked, trying to appear wise and wary.

"Million to once," Al whispered eagerly; "and ab-so-lutely sure. I got it straight from the owner."

"Friend of yours?"

"Yeah, Mose Coogan."

"Mose—which?" I inquired in mild surprise.

Al grinned. "He came by the 'Mose' honest, I guess," he said. "But he borrowed the 'Coogan' from a cop or something."

"And this Lily?" I prompted.

"He got her for a badge-horse last summer, when everybody thought she was done for, and he roared through the winter put her in shape. She's been eating up the track in her works and now she's fit to mislead down the stretch ahead of the best of 'em."

He might have been begging for his life, he was so anxious for me to share in the good thing. I handed him a bill. "Place this for me, will you?" And he did. And Lily White, after leading easily to the six furlong pole—it was a mile race—went dead lame and finished last.

"Price spoiled it," said Al, disgustedly, when he wandered in the next day. "I got cleaned myself."

"I suppose Coogan lost heavily," Al snorted. "Not him," he said.

side these classes only go to prove the rule. Coogan, 'twice of his name, was not an Irishman.

In that field of human endeavor most closely related to horse-racing, namely, the making of bookies, men of Coogan's race find a secure place, and from among them Coogan sprang.

His beginning was obscure. At a certain age he attached himself to the entourage of the king of New York handbook men, and became a collector. His functions were these: At noon, or thereabouts, he began a round of certain billiard-rooms, cigar stores, barber shops and barns, where he was handed sums of money and memoranda of wagers. Theoretically, Coogan then delivered the money and memoranda to his chief, and the next day he distributed among his patrons what money they might chance to win.

It was a simple system, but capable of infinite variations. Coogan, for example, soon perceived a chance for profit for himself. If he neglected to notify his chief that he had received a wager, and if the maker of that wager lost, then Coogan could safely pocket the money. If the maker of the wager won, Coogan would be forced to make up the account from his own funds.

But it is one of the fundamental truths in connection with horse-racing that most horses always lose, and all horses usually lose. Coogan began to "stand" on the wagers hand-

ried, the day dawned, his decision was made.

The boy with the telegram found Coogan at Lily White's stall; and Coogan thrust his thumb under the flap of the yellow envelope, read the message and grinned. It was from Jerry Hart, whom he had left in charge of his bankbook in New York. It read:

See Lily entered today. Does she go?

Coogan turned to the waiting boy. "Send this," he directed, and scribbled on the margin of the telegram blank:

Keep your shirt on. I'll wise you up when the time comes.

Then he counted the words and scratched out "up" and "the" and counted them again. Coogan never wasted money on extra words in a telegram. The boy started away and Coogan called him back. He had decided not to be bothered by any more of those pestiferous inquiries from Jerry Hart or any other friends. Coogan didn't mind lying by word of mouth, but he hated to go on record in a telegram.

"I'll not to deliver any more messages to me till the fifth is over," he directed curtly. The boy grunted assent and trudged away.

Dot Harris—his nickname was a tribute to his lack of stature—was rubbing down Lily White's slender legs in the stall, and Coogan leaned over the door and watched him, and

Coogan did not understand horses. Coogan did not give the word to Dot Harris until Lily White was dead and the little jockey had been lifted to her back. Then he pulled Dot down and whispered to him—

"Go get 'em. This is the day."

The jockey turned gray with disappointment and disgust. "Aaw, say, boss," he protested. "Why'n't you wise me up? Here I ain't got a sou down on her."

"That's all right," Coogan reassured him hurriedly. "There's a hundred riding for you—in Chi!"

"On the square?"

"Ain't I always been on the square with you, Dot?"

The jockey's face lighted with relief. "You're on, boss," he promised. And Coogan left him and made for the betting ring. What he saw when he arrived was pleasing; for on the blackboards around the ring the price on Lily White ranged uniform—15 to 1. But almost at once he was stirred by a momentary alarm.

From some outside source money was beginning to come in on Lily White. Coogan saw a man whom he knew as the agent for a Pittsburgh bookmaker place \$100 on the horse; and the man who took the bet swept that fifteen to one down to twelve to one, the others in the ring forthwith following suit.

A moment later another flood of Lily White money knocked the price to ten, and then to eight to one. Coog-

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THE LITTLE WILFUL PRINCESS

By DAVID CORY. DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH IVINS JONES



BY DAVID CORY.

The Easter bells were ringing clear and sweet, for it was Easter morning. The little princess was in a hurry, for at the last moment everything seemed to go wrong. Twice had one of the court pages knocked at the door of her room to tell her that her royal parents awaited her below. Notwithstanding the united efforts of Marie and Elaine, the little wilful princess was not ready for church.

"Why do you always try to put my left shoe on my right foot?" impatiently asked the little princess, as Marie strove her utmost to force the small foot of the princess into the shoe.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, I have reversed shoes," replied the maid. Whereupon the princess stamped her small foot, the impatience of which accomplished more than its object, and the shoe slipped on.

At the appearance of the third page, with imperative orders from the impatient parents, the Princess Wilful hastened down the broad stairway and into the coach, much to the relief of its occupants, the King and Queen.

Down the great highway rattled the royal coach, the herald riding on before, and the great clouds of dust trailing behind. The sun glinted and twinkled on the gold surface of the great vehicle and the trappings of the prancing steeds. But the little princess wore a frown. Was it because her shoe pinched, or was it because she missed her pet monkey, who, as it was the joyous Easter tide, had been given a vacation of three days in which to visit his former master, the humble peasant in the great forest. Suffice it to say, the princess was in a wilful frame of mind, and neither the happy carolings of the birds, nor the music of the Easter bells from the distant steeple, awoke an echo in her little wilful heart. Strange, too, after so long a time of happy laughter and cheerful disposition, and then, on an Easter morn, of all times.

Down the hill rolled the coach, through the village where but lately she had seen the reflection of her face in the magic shield of the strange knight, who had placed it in the market place for the purpose of showing every man who looked in the real self of the gazer. But she still looked out of the window and refused to feel the gentle influence of the awakened life and the promise of the beautiful to be.

The King said nothing, neither did his royal spouse, trusting that the sermon they heard would change for the better the perverseness of their little princess.

But in this they were mistaken, for when the sermon ended and the bells were once more on their way home, the little princess still remained silent. However, the frown had disappeared, and on this point her devoted parents congratulated themselves. She evidently seemed indifferent to all about her, even to the beautiful fly she held in her hands. "I verily believe," thought the King, "she misses that devoted pet of hers." And the Queen thought, "Mayhap she is in love—but with whom?" for she was still but a child. Yet neither was right, nor could the little princess have told you herself, for she knew not.

As the coach rumbled across the great wooden bridge by the miller's house, close to which the great mill wheel turned and turned with the water of the stream that ran clear and away except when the winter froze up his liquid energy, the princess heard a cry like the sob of a child, and turning to her parents, she asked that the coach be stopped. Whereupon the King gave orders to that effect, and, opening the door, or rather, jumping down as the footmen swung it back, the little princess looked about her to ascertain who was in distress. At a short distance stood a child, holding in her arms a doll, the broken head of which she vainly tried to piece together. Looking up as the little princess approached, the child began to cry softly, hugging the doll to her breast.

"What is the matter?" inquired her royal highness, "is your doll hurt?" "Indeed, yes, your grace," replied the child, with a courtly, gazing from the little princess to the great coach from the window on either side of which leaned the anxious faces of the royal parents, while both footmen stood respectfully at the side of the little princess.

"And how did that happen?" she asked, a smile for the first time com-

ing to her lips, albeit the tears stood in the eyes of the peasant child. "By mishap I let her fall just as the great wheels rolled by, your grace," and she tenderly clasped her fingers that held the injured head. "Bring me the lily," said the princess, turning to one of the footmen. "It lay in the coach." Whereupon he hastily followed her commands



THE LITTLE PRINCESS WAS VAIN

and returned with the flower, which she handed to the child. "Take the lily," she cried, "and on the morrow will I bring a new doll. Mayhap this afternoon, if it please my parents to give me leave."

The child smiled through her

tears, and thanked the princess again and again, who returned to the coach. Up behind scrambled the footmen and with a crack of the whip, away went the royal equipage, leaving the astonished child with her broken doll in one hand and the lily in the other.

When the princess explained the cause of her leaving the coach so suddenly, her parents listened attentively, much relieved at the change in her demeanor. When they arrived at the castle, the first thing she did was to select the doll for the peasant child. It took some time, for the number of royal dolls that lived with the princess in the great castle was almost without number. However, after much thought and patience, one was selected, after which the little princess went down for dinner.

To her great delight who should appear but her pet monkey with his former master the peasant. The latter was interviewed by the King, who no doubt wished to ask him many questions regarding the wonderful ability of the monkey which had become so apparent since the King had purchased him at the beginning of this story.

"Good day, dear monkey," said the little princess, "I would have you go

die, gaily rode away, amid the happy laughter of the princess and the

amiles of the courtiers and the retainers. From the great hall window the King and Queen watched the scene, and the peasant, who stood below in the courtyard also watching the small riders depart, the King remarked as he approached the royal pair, "Methinks, my good man, that thy former pet is also somewhat of a wag?"

"He suits his actions to the moment, my liege," responded the Dumbie subject. "More than most of us," answered the King, "how learned he so much?" "By not learning too many things, your majesty," replied the subject, "for in the forest only what is necessary is learned."

"But thoroughly, eh?" asked the King, and the poor peasant smiled and bowed, as the former handed him a gold piece, after which the peasant escorted him once more to the courtyard below.

All this time the little wilful princess and her small companion were riding down the great roadway towards the old mill where lived the little girl whose doll had been broken that morning. As they neared the place, the monkey turned and said, "How is it, my princess, that you brought your favorite doll for the poor child?"

"Because," answered the little wilful princess, with a blush, "because of something I heard in the sermon this morning." Which showed, after all, that the little princess had heard the sermon, and had learned a lesson therefrom, albeit she had not shown it immediately.

As they drew still nearer, the figure of the child could be seen sitting on the front steps of the little house. "She is waiting for us," cried the little princess, with a laugh. "Am I not glad that I came today?" And she drew up before the old mill.

Here she saw the child, and the princess, handing down the beautiful doll which the monkey carefully had passed over to his mistress. "Oh, Oh!" cried the child, "how beautiful, how lovely!" Indeed, her joy was so great that she almost forgot to courtly, but in a moment did so, at the same time thanking the princess again and again.

"Thank me not," said the princess, "I mean, not so much; for the pleasure of the giving to me is as great as yours in receiving." And with a smile she turned her horse about and, followed by the monkey, rode off towards the castle.

The miller's little daughter followed the princess until she disappeared in the distance. Then she walked up the narrow path to the front door and entered. On the mantelpiece in an old vase bloomed the fragrant Easter lily, and in her arms, smiling up to her, lay her new doll. But above all, in the heart of the little child was the joy of Easter tide.

(To be Continued.)

Coogan's Killing

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

But Lily aped smoothly on, seven, eight lengths in the lead.

She was nearing the six-furlong pole, where in so many other races she had faltered, limped, and dropped back in the rush. Coogan never thought of that; but he heard a man beside him tell his neighbor:

"Now she'll go lame, and Black Nose'll come through."

Coogan stiffened in sudden hope, and broke into frantic howlings. "There she goes! There's the end! Come on you Black Nose! Look at her drop back! There she goes! What'd I tell you?"

He clapped Coogan tremendously between the shoulders. The crowd about all the others. He pleaded, he begged and he implored. "Drop dead! Drop dead!" he commanded Lily. "Come on, you Black Nose!" he shouted.

Coogan lifted up his voice and joined the chorus, and his screams begged all the others. He pleaded, he begged and he implored. "Drop dead! Drop dead!" he commanded Lily. "Come on, you Black Nose!" he shouted.

Lily flashed past the six-furlong pole; and again a boy tugged Coogan's elbow. Another telegram. He pressed it to his forehead. Coogan scarcely knew. He was watching Lily.

Three strides past the pole she pulled up with a terrific jump, and dropped back toward the others as a stone drops down a well.

"O-yi-yi!" screamed Coogan in utter joy, then held his breath. Black went Lily, and back and back. Coogan did not ask himself how the thing was happening. He had never heard that a horse may acquire a habit, as she had done so often before, stumbling and limping along, while Black Nose pulled up on her and passed her.

Dot Harris seemed to be using the whip like mad, but then Dot always seemed to be doing that when Lily went lame. Coogan, in overwhelming relief, saw only that Lily was now third, now fourth, in the scurry of horses rounding the far turn.

"She's done—!" he decided, and in his own way gave thanks; and he

wiped the sweat from his brow and took time to open the last telegram. It, too, was from Jerry Hart.

"I took that seven thousand three hundred dollar prize," it read. "And more, too. If you're trying to double-cross me and let Lily win today, you're stuck. If you've played square with me—then you make a killing."

Coogan grinned complacently. Miraculous luck had saved him. He had thought to win by Lily's victory; instead, he would win by her defeat. He was so sure she was beaten that he scarce remembered the horses rocketing down the stretch till a thunderous roar from the stands alarmed him.

When Lily White went lame at the six-furlong post, Jockey Dot Harris lost his head for a moment at thought of that hundred prize for him at Chicago, and he took the whip to her. Lily never liked that; and she limped worse than ever, and dropped back all the faster.

Then the jockey remembered, pulled himself together, gathered Lily up, leaned over her withers and spoke to her. He pleaded with her, and as they struck into the turn, though she was four full lengths behind Black Nose, she began to drop her limp and pick up her speed again.

Black Nose, in front, was taking things easy. Her rider counted the race as already won. Lily White, coming from behind with lengthening stride, passed one horse, and another, and Black Nose never knew his peril till her nose was at a level with his tail.

It was that great forward leap of Lily's which brought from the crowd in the stands the roar that caught Coogan's ear and turned him again to the track.

The horses were swinging into the stretch; and at first he could not make them out. They rounded the turn and came like demons toward the finish, swinging across the track till the leaders were widely spaced, the others in a knot behind.

The dust smothered them, the colors flashed dimly. Both Black Nose and Lily White were bays, little to choose between them. Coogan vaguely uneasy, did not at first understand that his horse had crept upon the leader again.

They were mere dots of brown and bay and black in the dust; and seen the dots grew with terrific speed as the horses came down the stretch; and Coogan drank back a little of the rush of them, while the crowd roared and pleaded with Black Nose to come safely home.

Coogan recognized Lily White, and his skin turned cold, his bones were

water; for he saw that she seemed to be fairly abreast of Black Nose, and he saw that Dot Harris, low on her neck, was urging her desperately on. Lily no longer limped; her nose stretched straight in front of her, she was covering ground like a whirlwind.

A tremendous thundering clamor from the stands urged her back, urged her on, brought Black Nose to shake her off into the rack.

It seemed an eternity to Coogan, that he watched them come down the stretch. He was paralyzed. Black Nose responded to urging and drew away a head, a neck, half a length. But Lily White held on and came again.

A hundred yards from the finish her nose was at Black Nose's middle. With every step it crept up. Halfway to the finish she fought her way to even terms with him.

Those last five great leaps, they moved like twin machines, not a breath to choose between them. Coogan's position was just short of the finish. He was pouring on Dot Harris' head every imprecation in the calendar. They should have scorched that little man, but the jockey, high up on Lily White's withers, had other things to think about. Black Nose, in a final effort, was holding Lily even.

The roar of the stands grew, in a tremendous crescendo, as the horses neared the wire. They dashed past Coogan; and he squinted automatically across the track. The line of his eye fell against each nose as they passed him. There was not a hair to choose.

"Black Nose," he begged feebly, for the strength was wrung out of him. "Black Nose. Take it. Dead heat anyway. My Gawd!"

For, as they flashed to the finish, Dot Harris had done a shrewd and daring thing. Far up and forward he threw himself, smashed out palm down between Lily White's ears and leaned with all his weight. Her head went down, her nose forward. She stumbled and all but fell.

But that blow had thrust her nose across the line a scant two inches in the lead—and she had won.

They still call it Coogan's Killing, but that is not strictly accurate. He did recover.

Etal Frederick, second son of the ex-killer, is suing for divorce. The wife is said to be not contesting the action, probably reasoning that he can't support her now unless he goes to work, and that he will try every other expedient before he does that.

(Gairle News.)

EAT MORE FROZEN FISH.

Eat more fish—the kinds that are frozen solid and covered with an ice jacket as soon as they are drawn from the deep, cool sea—is the advice of specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. There is an unusually large supply of this kind of fish on hand, probably twice as much as the country has ever had before, and the quality, the specialists say, is as good as the so-called fresh fish that go to the market packed in ice. And the price is more reasonable, because the fish were caught in the season of over-production. The holdings include some excellent kinds noted for their quality, such as weakfish, mackerel, whiting and herring. People in large cities where hard-frozen fish can be

had should give them a trial, and people living in the rural districts of inland States need not be deprived of this form of seafood, for during the cold season frozen fish can be shipped by express or sent by parcel post long distances, Bureau of Chemistry investigators have learned.

PARTIAL SHADE FOR BERRIES.

Currants and gooseberries commonly do better, especially in the southern limits of their range, if grown where there is partial shade. This sometimes can be provided by planting them between fruit trees. Raspberries and blackberries are sometimes planted between trees, but the practice is not advisable unless the soil is naturally moist and fertile.

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GET IT FROM YOUR GROCER.



They still call it Coogan's Killing, but that is not strictly accurate. He did recover.

Etal Frederick, second son of the ex-killer, is suing for divorce. The wife is said to be not contesting the action, probably reasoning that he can't support her now unless he goes to work, and that he will try every other expedient before he does that.

(Gairle News.)